

BANNER-ENTERPRISE.

Organ N. C. Industrial Association.

RALEIGH, MAY 31, 1883.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

The late *Carolina Enterprise* and the *Banner*, published respectively at Goldsboro and Raleigh, the former by Smith & Mebane and the latter by J. H. Williamson, have been consolidated and assume the name *BANNER-ENTERPRISE*. It will be issued weekly at Raleigh and furnished to all whose subscription, to either the late *Enterprise* or *Banner*, has not expired.

ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING CO.

THE COLORED CONVENTION.

The committee which met at Washington, sometime since, and issued an order for all the Negroes of the South to come up to Washington next September to be sold as the "basses" might direct, has evidently felt the force of the Southern Negro's manhood. Notwithstanding the boast of this (nobody knows how constituted) committee that they had decided that the proposed convention be held in Washington and that settled it, they held a meeting last week and agreed that the convention should convene in Louisville, Ky., September 14th, 1883. Well—

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The house of this gentleman is considerably worked up just about this time, and crimination and re-crimination seems to be the order of the day. He has been charged by Mr. Williams, the historian, with having been defeated in argument by little Mr. Greener, at Saratoga, New York, several years ago. He personally denies the soft impeachment and accuses Mr. Williams of mis-stating the facts. The real fact is that Mr. Douglass, *per se*, did not go to Saratoga at the time stated, and did not therefore make any verbal argument on the Exodus question. But he did send his paper to read, which he does not, nor do any of his defenders deny. It was read by President Wayland, of the Yale Law School, and successfully torn to pieces by the resolute eloquence, logical reasoning and common sense argument of Richard T. Greener. We remember the occasion well. In an article of seventy lines in the *New York Globe*, of Saturday last, Fred Jr., the hope and flower of the family, undertakes to squelch Mr. Williams by telling the public what it had learned the week previous through the same medium and under Williams' signature. He even does not deny that the paper was sent by his father, because he knows it was. We don't see any need of sticking over the matter. We all know that the friends of Mr. Frederick Douglass, *per se*, regard him as the greatest Negro that Divine Providence ever smiled upon, and that they regard him as being infallible as well as immaculate. We differ in this regard, however, and hold that the young are not always giddy nor are the aged always wise. It would seem to us to be more manly on the part of the Negro's patron saint and his defenders to acknowledge the corn by yielding to Prof. Greener the honors, yes, the glory with which he covered himself all over in this honorable and never-to-be-forgotten occasion—any short of this, gentlemen, won't do. The *National Republican*, in a recent issue, says of Mr. Douglass: "He has come down to us from a former generation. He is the most eminent American in whose veins courses African blood. Here the *Republican* makes two assertions, the former we readily admit, but the latter we do not accept. He was, but is, not."

ZION WESLEY INSTITUTE.

This institution of learning, located at Salisbury, will close its first session next Tuesday, the 5th prox. No like school, whose history we are familiar, has ever made such progress—has ever reached such a degree of success during its first session as has this. And we, with its founders, supporters and friends, most heartily rejoice at what it has accomplished, and accept it as an indication of what may be expected of Zion Wesley, when it shall have added years to its history. The annual address by Rt. Rev. S. T. Jones, D. D., will take place at 10:30 o'clock a. m., and the exercises by the students at 2 o'clock p. m. We return thanks to President Price for an invitation to be present on the occasion.

The coronation of the Czar of Russia took place at Moscow on the 27th inst. The ringing of bells and the thundering of cannon ushered in the day.

Let those whose subscriptions have expired renew at once

THE INDUSTRIAL AND EDUCATIONAL ADVANCEMENT OF THE NEGRO, THE BEST EVIDENCE OF HIS PROGRESS.

The Negro cannot demonstrate his fitness or capacity for the exercise of his right as a citizen by means of the ballot alone. All politicians are not necessarily good citizens, nor are all good citizens politicians. There was a time, however, in the history of American politics when it was regarded as a high honor for gentlemen to be identified with the political parties of their day and time, and when they were as greatly interested in elections, State and National, as the unscrupulous, wily and designing fellows who now manipulate the wires and hold office, but those days have passed away. And now every man who can write his name and count fifty cents is a politician and a big thing to be known as a politician and a still bigger thing to be elected constable, even if he has to purchase the votes by which he is elected with mean whisky and somebody else's money. Corruption is the prime element in American politics to-day—a man may resort to any method to carry his point so long as he keeps within the bounds of the laws, and appears to give the color of his legitimacy and honesty to his transactions. He may bribe his fellows, if he so will, and if there be any inclination or desire to be bribed on the part of his fellows, the law cannot reach him if he knows his business or understands the philosophy of addition, division, and silence. Most politicians, indeed, a large number of them are fearfully corrupt in their methods and practices, and therefore the term "shrewd politician" is synonymous with "shrewd rascal." The Negro cannot advance in the proper way by resorting to or adopting the methods of "shrewd politicians." He can never be wholly honest so long as he continues to emulate the examples of the political jay birds who wink at dishonesty and esteem it honorable to take mean advantages of the masses.

The highest encomiums were heaped upon the head of the man who corruptly and dishonestly, yet legitimately, bought up the voters of Indiana in 1880, for Garfield and Arthur, and he is now paying the penalty of his loyalty by being prosecuted for defrauding the government, and by the very administration which he was largely instrumental in bringing into existence.

The best thing for the Negroes to do is to emulate the example of the Jews; acquire wealth and knowledge, buy land, and thus prepare themselves to meet the issue when these elements will have become the standards by which the citizen of the future will unquestionably be judged. The Negro has the right to vote; let him exercise that right, and while waiting for the opportunity so to do let him look well to his personal interests and save himself from the humiliation and disgrace which must inevitably follow a long reign of ignorance and mob rule. The spelling-book must and shall be made the sceptre of national power; without its beneficent influence the Negro will fail to attain to that eminence in the family of nations which our Creator designed that we should attain to.

How Jones of Nevada Became Rich.

A good story as to how Jones of Nevada, became wealthy, has come to the surface, and is in effect as follows: He had an associate in California among the "Forty-niners," named Hayward, a man of intelligence, from Vermont. One day Hayward came to him and told him he must have two thousand dollars. "I am working a claim," he said, "and I know that I am very near to a wonderful vein. I know it and feel it. But I am flat broke and I must have that much money." Jones listened to him, and when he had finished, said, after some reflection, "Well, Hayward, you shall have it. But mind, no more. I have seen many men in just the same way, with big fortunes just awaiting them—but they never get them. But I will let you have this. I have three thousand dollars buried under the fire place, and when the Chinese cook and the fire go out I'll get the money for you. But don't ask me for any more." Hayward thanked him and said: "When I strike it you shall have a quarter of what I make." About a month afterward Hayward did strike it. He struck a pocket of almost pure gold. The first thing he did was to go to Jones and tell him of it. Together they examined the mine, and, proceeding to San Francisco, got a mining expert to examine it. He pronounced it the greatest strike of the time, and Hayward sold the mine to Wells, Fargo and some others, for five million dollars. The same day he gave Jones one fourth of the money, a million and a quarter dollars. Jones afterwards married a daughter of Hayward.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, in a letter to the Mayor of New Orleans, proposes to compromise her judgments against that city for \$1,317,000.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY E. E. SMITH TO THE DANIEL WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETY OF SHAW UNIVERSITY, MAY 21ST, 1883.

Mr. President, Members of the Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: To one who has not tried the experiment, it may seem easy to select a theme suited to the occasion which has called us together. I confess, my experience has been otherwise.

Politics, (in the higher sense, which embraces the ethics of government,) religion, literature, education, and kindred topics have been so exhaustively treated by able pens that I shrink from the unequal task; mine be it to call your attention, briefly, to the humbler theme of "Special Aims"; not humble because of less interest to our progress and prosperity, but because lost to sight in specious generalizations. From the mists that enshroud the by-gone ages, gigantic forms loom up, clothed in the mysterious charms of universal knowledge—seemingly universal because of the dense ignorance of the ages in which they lived. To live and provide the means of sustenance was the great aim of humanity—knowledge beyond that requirement they had no time to gain, and hence learning was confined to the few. As time progressed and men grew wiser by mere acquaintance with each other, knowledge spread abroad, and its ramifications were seen and felt in the various walks of life. Systems of philosophy, arts, sciences, jurisprudence, were invented and cultivated until indeed in the palm days of Greece and Rome, certain branches of human science attained a height that we of modern times have striven as yet in vain to reach. Even then these attainments were possessed by comparatively few; division of knowledge, unlike separate pursuits in everyday life had not begun. Only the wealthy could embark in literary pursuits, and to this class learning was confined. Centuries like these are recorded, and in each we find names which will never die—not because of their unapproachable perfection, but solely that they were the comparatively learned men of their times. As the world grew older and the arts and sciences became more diffused through manuscripts and oral teaching, the numbers of these wise men greatly increased until the blessed printing press flooded the world with the bright dawn of that day of light and knowledge, which shall go on increasing in splendor as its meridian approaches, to set in effulgent glory only when time itself shall end.

Under the beneficent influence of the press, human knowledge has so ramified and extended its scope that it is no idle boast to claim its cycle, as now almost complete. Knowledge being now so universal no one man can claim pre-eminence in every department. The span of human life reaches not far enough to enable one man to learn all that is written, and he who would claim such distinction would be laughed at as a fool. Special departments of knowledge must and will always have their contemporary representatives, and with this present distinction the student and professor must hereafter rest content. Nor will it be known, save to him who has diligently fought his way thither, what his pre-eminence has cost in time and toil, in hope and discouragement.

College education of to-day is considered complete when the graduate receives his diploma and goes out into the world to win his way to fortune or to fame. He will soon learn that his education has but begun. Before him, in truth, lies the whole world, unanswered the question, "Where to choose?" Filled to overflowing, as are all the learned professions, represented by every grade of skill and proficiency therein, it is indeed the question of greatest moment to him. He knows that no one man can be first in all. Wisdom has been so disseminated among the masses that he cannot excel in any one even without earnest, arduous and ceaseless effort. Hence, the absolute necessity for selecting some particular employment to be the chief object of his after-life—to be his special aim. If he shall elect any special business and desire success therein, surely he cannot expect to succeed in others, for each and every other department is now full of men of learning, of skill derived from practical experience; so, that instead of succeeding in all, he would find himself reduced to pitiable mediocrity in each. Whilst aiming high he should aim to a special object. All the great names of the nineteenth century are those of men who have gained pre-eminence by steady, persistent effort in some particular calling.

Thomas Carlyle's stormy diatribes have not lessened the glory which must always encircle the names of the great men of the eighteenth century. Washington, Burns, Johnson, Watts, Goldsmith, Handel, Mozart, can never die. Yet these men claimed not to be great in all things—each one only in his chosen calling, to which were devoted all his talent and time. So of us to-day, and so it must be always—that to succeed we must devote all our energies to the object in view, and though we may not then achieve success therein, we shall do more—*deserve* it.

This division of talent, if more generally recognized as a public necessity and more often practised in each community, would work wonderful results. Its necessity is recognized and acted upon in all practical concerns of human life. All men cannot follow one trade—even a community attempting such a thing would soon be driven to a change. Diversity of human thought and of mental processes is as necessary as differences in other respects, and the reward is equally sure. For as the

mechanic, by patient experiment in his shop; the farmer, by careful observations in his field; the merchant, by comparisons of fabrics and prices, come to know what each requires for the furtherance of his individual interests—so does long experience in any mental branch teach us what is best for us and ours. As no man can live altogether for himself, neither can he live for all men. The happy mean is our grand object and aim. To be most useful in our day and generation should be our ambition, and the means of accomplishing this end should be our constant study and desire. Perfection belongs not to human nature, but to excel our fellows in some one commendable pursuit is a laudable ambition. This cannot be done by desultory rambles amidst the fields of science, or art or literature, nor in any of the learned walks of life—as a man, to accomplish a journey gains the goal by adding step to step, so must the scholar be content with gradual accretions of knowledge. "There is no royal road to learning." A life-time of study is necessary to place him upon that pinnacle, whence, looking down upon the toilers beneath, he may be able to lend a helping hand to their ascent where

"Fame's proud temple shines afar."

In all recorded time the greatest and most enduring achievements are those which have been the almost life-long efforts of their authors. Some men have written tons of books, yet hardly one of their voluminous works is read or known to-day—others have electrified the world with gems of thought destined to live away. Why this difference? In one case a fertile imagination has been indulged, in every wanton flight; in the other, concentration on some particular theme—careful pruning of thought and word and sentence has at last almost achieved perfection. It is said that Gray spent eleven years in the production of his "Elegy"—a poem that Gen. Wolfe chose rather to have written than to capture Quebec, (in whose fall he lost his life)—a monopoly, which finds a sympathetic echo in every human heart.

In the darkest hour of the Revolution, when the Angel of Hope appeared ready to take her everlasting flight from our unhappy land, did Washington despair? Nay, with untiring devotion to the cause in which he had embarked his life, he crested with and conquered adverse fate. Singleness of purpose, indomitable perseverance, accomplished under God, as they always will, the object to which all his energies and his life were devoted.

The first Napoleon, at whose dreaded name Europe paled and whose cannon shook the Pyramids, died in exile at St. Helena. To-day he seems almost a myth, and will be remembered in history as a failure—his only object, self aggrandizement. He had in view no plans for the benefit of his age, his country or his race; his ends were selfish and his reward inevitable. It is one of the chief blessings of singleness of purpose, devoted to good ends, that it always brings its own reward—whether or not we fail in our honest endeavor. It may not come amid the plaudits of admiring crowds, blushing honors may not fall thick upon our brow, but still the reward is sure in the knowledge that we have striven to advance the welfare of our race, and to be useful in our day and generation. The souls of martyrs, ascending in fire to heaven, have been wrapped in a purer, brighter flame than that which consumed their perishing bodies, and amid its radiance they have beheld the unspeakable glories which rewarded their devotion to truth and to God.

One of our wisest poets has said that "art is long and time is fleeting," and it behooves us to waste none of that precious gift in dilly dally schemes—it is our duty to choose now what we will do, and resolve to address ourselves to its performance. We cannot stand still—we must either advance with the age in which we live, or we must retrograde. To every man is allotted something to do, some part to perform on the world's great stage, and he cannot shirk the inexorable decree. His influence for good or for evil is not circumscribed by his individual life, but reaches far out into the lives of others. The shade of a worthless tree may blight many a lovely flower; the influence of one bad example may destroy many precious souls—one good man bless and redeem a lost community. It is not given to every one to be great, but let us thank God that He has shown us how to be good; that while we may not be able to electrify audiences with eloquent discourses, nor to charm the reader with graceful diction, nor bless the world with great humanitarian schemes, we can yet, in our humbler callings, use our influence for good to such an extent within the sphere of our usefulness. Our usefulness. This, my friends, should be our aim—each in his own special way, and according to his ability, striving to be a useful member of society; so living, that

"Departing, we may leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time,"

and a memory that shall be blessed.

Perhaps among all the eulogies that have been uttered since the world began, none is nobler than that pronounced upon the poor widow when he said, "she hath done what she could." Beyond the possibilities of his nature no man can go. Even to the "faithful servant" it was accounted sufficient commendation. Faithful to his trust, single in his purpose, leaving the end to God, he is, to all recorded time, an example after God's own heart. In the sphere of usefulness to which we are called, so different from that which opened to the eyes of our parents, so pregnant with glorious possibilities, it becomes us, with fear and trembling, to question ourselves as to our motives and our worthiness, and to pray for guidance in our difficult path.

To this generation of the colored race is opened a new revelation—the darkness of the past is dissipated in the refulgent rays of the sun of personal liberty and mental light. In the past, plastic day in other's hands to-day, entrusted with the privileges and responsibilities of freemen, to each and all of us come the fearful consequences of our individual acts. The world looks on in questioning wonder, and awaits the result of the great experiment of our freedom. Under God the answer is in our own hands. Springing into national life as if by magic, with the ignorance and superstitions of the unnumbered years behind us, with skeptics watching our efforts to rise in the scale of humanity, let us strive, with hope and prayer, to deserve the blessings God has sent upon us.

As shipwrecked mariners, cast upon an inhospitable shore, let us strive to erect a local habitation and a name. Let each one be assigned a particular care and responsibility, and let each see that these duties be faithfully performed. Some must work, some must teach, others perform the holier duties of the sanctuary. Let each one bring clean hands and a pure heart to the discharge of his labor, and his reward will surely be given. Whatever we are called to do let it be done faithfully, honestly, looking only for the reward which comes from the consciousness of duty performed.

Among our race, so lately redeemed from bondage, it is not to be expected that great men will at once arise. True greatness is the result of long continued effort, but each of us, in his individual capacity, can be good—what we do, we can do well, and that should be our effort and our aim. Well has it been said that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Again, I beg each of you choose to-day, if you have not already decided, what part you will take in the advancement and regeneration of our race. God has committed to the guidance of the children who now bless our sunny Southern homes. Shall we so live that these children shall rise up and call us blessed? Shall our efforts to improve, convince the outside world that we deserve freedom? or, shall it be said of us that we are not worthy to be numbered among the nations? These are questions pressing for answer. They must be answered by the inexorable logic of events.

Whether we stand still, or whether we press forward in our efforts for good, history will record the result. We cannot read the future, but to us is now given opportunity to shape its record of our race.

Let our motto be, "each one to his post," and fighting manfully the great battle of progress and of human right, strive to deserve well of our country and our kind.

Our responsibility is fearful; our reward, if successful, will be great. If recreant to our trust, our punishment, the unmeasured scorn of all posterity. And here I will say, that one of the first, the greatest, the most absolutely imperative duties now incumbent upon us, is the moral elevation of our race. Education, with its out moral foundation, is as a house built upon sand. The superstructure rests not upon a solid basis, and mere learning cannot convert a soul. Perhaps more training in book lore, without a groundwork of morality or religion, has done more harm through-out the ages than all the ignorance that has undoubtedly cursed the world. Some of its greatest scourges in all ages have been its foremost scholars. Men, without principle, are often prompted to higher flights and deeper depths in villainy by familiarity with recorder crimes.

The greatest scholar of all time, Lord Bacon, has been called "the wisest and the worst of men."

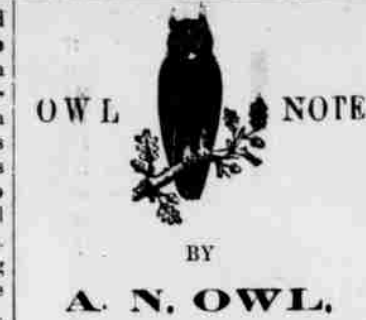
What our race needs is thorough training in morals, to be taught self-respect, honor and ambition to excel honorably. Raise the standard of morality among us, inculcate pure religion, unfeigned, and they will strive, by self-education, to attain a higher plane of life. Let me impress on each one of you the absolute necessity of this course. We have health, strength, and, as has been proven in these halls, brains; give us morals, self-respect, honorable ambition, and our future is secure. To our school teachers and ministers, our fathers and mothers, this great duty belongs; as they discharge this trust well, so shall our future brighten and the hearts of friends be glad in the happiness, the honor and prosperity of a race, redeemed from bondage and rejoicing in its youth and strength. May He who has watched over us and guided us in His own good time brought us this glad day, strengthen the hearts and hands of our leaders and teachers in the discharge of the great work committed to their care, and all will be well.

A jolly fellow had been relating some incidents of his earlier life to his nephew.

"Of all the women you ever met, uncle," says the young man, "by which were you most struck?"

"By your aunt, my boy; by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

Not from Bacon: Oh, the hog, the beautiful hog, curving his back as he watches the dog; deifying the law for his bread and meat; remaining at large through every street; hunting, grunting, nosing around, till the open front gate is sure to be found—with its hinges broken and ruined quiver, by the lovers who hang there Sunday night; won't stay shut; it won't hang level; so in walks the hog and raises the devil.—Exchange.



[Cor. of the BANNER-ENTERPRISE.]

5th, 30, 1883.

I flew over Washington the other night and found the air in that city full of foul rumors and filled with the odiferous odor peculiar to that section when any considerable number of its great men engage in personal tilts to try their intellectual strength; whatever they fail to accomplish by fair means they make it up by foul, so that there is most generally a bad smell lurking somewhere, "hovering, as it were," in all its pent-up fury over the heads of the combatants.

As I soared past the residence of the author of "Washington Colored Society," I beheld him in his night-cap and shirt sleeves blazing away on his book, with his right foot resting on a bag of disinfectant, while immediately to his left stood an old worn-out whitewash brush, and right in front of him was a wall scraper, suggestive emblems, indeed, very.

But little has been said with regard to the Convention by anybody since the "eruption."

Some days since Mr. Greener and a Mr. Frederick Douglass—Douglass! Douglass, yes, that is the name, have been poking each other in the ribs with penholders, and they've had a delightful time, all about the convention, too.

Just think of it! The President has appointed one of the Old Guard, "306," to fill the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He's a Kentuckian and a Saltwater.

I hear that the Capital Pleasure Club are going to give a grand picnic on the 11th of June. They are a mighty nice set of fellows and always draw a crowd. I want to fly to it when it comes off, because they keep a fine selection of wet goods always on hand and know how to treat an owl with respect.

I am really so tired of the clatter about the convention that I feel like flying over to New York and buzzing that great, big fat man of the *Globe*, to see what he thinks about it. He and I are two remarkably wise creatures, at least I think he is "Fortunate" and I am exceedingly wise in that we both entertain the same views respecting the methods which ought to be framed in order to make such an effort successful. The authors of this plan of salvation which is attempted to be crammed down the Negro's throat, whether or no, we are decidedly too unanimous. The plans want readjusting and it will be well for the planners to see Mahone and buy up all that he has left of his readjustment policy.

The star route case is still dragging its slimy length through the courts here. I was told that Bob Ingersoll was raising Cain and something else, too, with the government witnesses. I will tell you all now, before it happens, that the government will fail to convict because it won't be able, it has no case. As soon as this prediction comes to pass, I will tell you all who is going to be President and how he is going to treat the Negroes. This is about as much news as you can stand at one time and I will now proceed to take a snooze. Fare thee well.

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Shirting 10c and 12 1/2c a yard;

150 doz Children's Hose 5c a pair;

Table Linen 20c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00, 1.05, 1.10, 1.15, 1.20, 1.25, 1.30, 1.35, 1.40, 1.45, 1.50, 1.55, 1.60, 1.65, 1.70, 1.75, 1.80, 1.85, 1.90, 1.95, 2.00, 2.05, 2.10, 2.15, 2.20, 2.25, 2.30, 2.35, 2.40, 2.45, 2.50, 2.55, 2.60, 2.65, 2.70, 2.75, 2.80, 2.85, 2.90, 2.95, 3.00, 3.05, 3.10, 3.15, 3.20, 3.25, 3.30, 3.35, 3.40, 3.45, 3.50, 3.55, 3.60, 3.65, 3.70, 3.75, 3.80, 3.85, 3.90, 3.95, 4.00, 4.05, 4.10, 4.15, 4.20, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 4.40, 4.45, 4.50, 4.55, 4.60, 4.65, 4.70, 4.75, 4.80, 4.85, 4.90, 4.95, 5.00, 5.05, 5.10, 5.15, 5.20, 5.25, 5.30, 5.35, 5.40, 5.45, 5.50, 5.55, 5.60, 5.65, 5.70, 5.75, 5.80, 5.85, 5.90, 5.95, 6.00, 6.05, 6.10, 6.15, 6.20, 6.25, 6.30, 6.35, 6.40, 6.45, 6.50, 6.55, 6.60, 6.65, 6.70, 6.75, 6.80, 6.85, 6.90, 6.95, 7.00, 7.05, 7.10, 7.15, 7.20, 7.25, 7.30, 7.35, 7.40, 7.45, 7.50, 7.55, 7.60, 7.65, 7.70, 7.75, 7.80, 7.85, 7.90, 7.95, 8.00, 8.05, 8.10, 8.15, 8.20, 8.25, 8.30, 8.35, 8.40, 8.45, 8.50, 8.55, 8.60, 8.65, 8.70, 8.75, 8.80, 8.85, 8.90, 8.95, 9.00, 9.05, 9.10, 9.15, 9.20, 9.25, 9.30, 9.35, 9.40, 9.45, 9.50, 9.55, 9.60, 9.65, 9.70, 9.75, 9.80, 9.85, 9.90, 9.95, 10.00, 10.05, 10.10, 10.15, 10.20, 10.25, 10.30, 10.35, 10.40, 10.45, 10.50, 10.55, 10.60, 10.65, 10.70, 10.75, 10.80, 10.85, 10.90, 10.95, 11.00, 11.05, 11.10, 11.15, 11.20, 11.25, 11.30, 11.35, 11.40, 11.45, 11.50, 11.55, 11.60, 11.65, 11.70, 11.75, 11.80, 11.85, 11.90, 11.95, 12.00, 12.05, 12.10, 12.15, 12.20, 12.25, 12.30, 12.35, 12.40, 12.45, 12.50, 12.55, 12.60, 12.65, 12.70, 12.75, 12.80, 12.85, 12.90, 12.95, 13.00, 13.05, 13.10, 13.15, 13.20, 13.25, 13.30, 13.35, 13.40, 13.45, 13.50, 13.55, 13.60, 13.65, 13.70, 13.75, 13.80, 13.85, 13.90, 13.95, 14.00, 14.05, 14.10, 14.15, 14.20, 14.25, 14.30, 14.35, 14.40, 14.45, 14.50, 14.55, 14.60, 14.65, 14.70, 14.75, 14.80, 14.85, 14.90, 14.95, 15.00, 15.05, 15.10, 15.15, 15.20, 15.25, 15.30, 15.35, 15.40, 15.45, 15.50, 15.55, 15.60, 15.65, 15.70, 15.75, 15.80, 15.85, 15.90, 15.95, 16.00, 16.05, 16.10, 16.15, 16.20, 16.25, 16.30, 16.35, 16.40, 16.45, 16.50, 16.55, 16.60, 16.65, 16.70, 16.75, 16.80, 16.85, 16.90, 1